

LA SIGNORINA OF THE SEVERED RING

By Robert Carlton Brown

"OH," muttered Giallotta, starting in his sleep. There was a jolt of the shabby day-coach; the little Italian's eyes burst open and he glanced fearfully from one to the other of his drowsy companions. Their shoes off, each with his few belongings tied in his overalls and deposited carefully within sight.

"Ugh! Bada dream," he grunted expressively, seizing his left hand with the other and holding his blunt middle finger close to his snappy little eyes. A plain gold band begirt the stubby digit. Like a child amused by a plaything, he rubbed his thumb over the rough edge and sought his reflection in the gold.

Leaning his elbow on the window-edge, he looked through the pane, reflectively caressing the band with his lips.

"Carliotta, Carliotta," he murmured to the ring, and then a longing little smile crept into the corners of his eyes and lips and fixed his stare even more far away. Soon the monotony of the journey and the thoughts running over in a circle overcame him, and he dropped over onto Pietro's shoulder, his mouth open and eloquent.

Three years he had searched for Carliotta in the great America; three years he had looked for little Carliotta, with whom he had split the golden band, and who now wore her half with the rough edges that matched his. Need had forced him to take up the shovel and give up the search; yet always as he worked he scanned the face of each passer-by.

And now he was returning to New York under the supervision of a boss who treated his gang as cattle, and had made the transportation rate with the company that was now carrying them as closely packed as poultry.

Toward evening a stir among the men awakened Guido Giallotta. He smiled dreamily as Pietro shook him and jabbered lightning words into his drowsy ear. By dint of much shaking the companion finally aroused him, and imparted the intelligence that they were entering New York.

New York meant much to Guido, and he had taken the first opportunity to go back. It was there that he could mix with his countrymen, through whom he hoped to hear again of his Carliotta. Besides, the great American painter had induced her to go to New York to earn her living as a model, and probably she was still there.

The ferry was just leaving when Giallotta looked quickly back to the shore and lurched toward the edge to make out the face of a brightly clad figure standing on the pier.

"Nah; notta Carliotta," he sighed, turning back.

Immediately on arriving he and Pietro took rooms in an Italian lodging-house. There he loafed for a week, living on the board in his worn leather wallet that he carried beside his knife. Everywhere he inquired for news of his Carliotta, but nothing had been learned since he left. One night Pietro rushed home from work with the news that he had heard

of the girl. Eagerly unfolding a New York foreign paper, he shook it before Guido's longing eyes, and showed him where mention was made of the model.

Dashing off to the newspaper office, Giallotta found the man who had written the article, and from him learned the long-wanted address.

Slipping his hair down with grease and wrapping a resplendent handkerchief of red silk around his neck, Guido set out alone. Love quickened his steps, and soon he was ringing the bell at her little apartment.

"Guido!" she cried, opening the door and staring at him blankly.

"Carliotta," he beamed unsteadily, returning her look of surprise—for she had changed, and was no longer his simple little Italian lass.

Her gown was of American cut. Her hair was not parted simply in the middle, as it once had been. All of her former beauty was there, but changed—sadly changed, thought Giallotta as he looked at her.

Her manner, too, was different, and the man stood embarrassed before her, showing himself to poor advantage.

"Da reeng?" he queried, as they seated themselves in her room; and he looked at a flashy new band she wore in place of the betrothal ring.

"Oh, eet ees too plain," objected the girl, flushing slightly.

"Den you no love me more?"

"Nah, you not understand," Guido; eet ees deefrunt, Guido; eet ees deefrunt," asked the man, with a catch in his voice.

"Eet ees not same," American man

deefrunt love. Dey not hot like Italian; cool; take time—moose time."

"But I not 'Merican," sighed Guido. "I love, an' I would marry."

"But you moost wait, Guido," the girl answered.

She had told him that he might call tomorrow at the studio where she was working and take her to an Italian restaurant. Guido went. As he entered the room he saw her again as his old sweetheart. Her hair was parted in the middle, and she wore a simple Italian costume that caused the little man's heart to beat madly.

At dinner she appeared once more in her new American role, and further tantalized the man by putting him off and treating his great passion lightly, as she had learned to do from the artists.

The next time he saw her she was walking with a man. Guido followed, and saw her smile at the American and act in the new strange way. It maddened him. He pressed his long thin knife, and his eyes snapped.

At a corner the pair turned and saw him. The girl gave him a smile. He flared up suddenly as he saw the American escort make a motion in his direction, and the couple went on, laughing at his expense, he felt.

Her tantalizing manner finally caused him to pour out his heart to the sympathetic Pietro. Pietro had been in America for ten years; he knew the people and their ways. He and Guido talked long that night, and it was with a new determination that the man awoke in the morning, dressed carefully, and haunted the studio where she had been.

But all day she did not come, and Guido wondered nightly. At night he went again to her room. She greeted him cordially, and listened to his passionate pleadings with a look that encouraged the little fellow.

"But, Guido," she cried, springing up suddenly, "you moost go. Da 'Merican ees tak me to theater to-night."

"Nah, I tak you," Giallotta spoke out hotly. "Ees eet not me dat you love?"

"But—but, Guido, in dees counter eet ees all deefrunt. He ask me go, an' I moost."

Giallotta hung his head. Jealousy stirred his fiery heart. He could not understand why she put him off. It was not the way in Italy. He must know whether or not she would marry him. Suddenly he remembered Pietro's advice, but in spite of it he blurted out:

"Den you no love me?"

"Eet ees not time yet to say," insisted the girl. "You moost go. He will come, an' he moost see you."

Without another word, Guido started for the door.

"See!" Carliotta called after him, holding up her half of the ring, "I haf not forgot everything."

Giallotta started back impulsively, but she darted into another room and closed the door.

"Merican man!" ejaculated Guido, walking blindly through the door.

"Eet ees heem dat she gat fool notion from. I fear heem."

His lips, parted in a vicious grin, showed his gleaming teeth as he strode down the corridor, fingering his knife and growing inwardly. A sudden light step came up the stairs.

With a suppressed hiss, Guido shrank into a shadow and waited, a cruel glint of aroused jealousy in his passionate eyes.

Carliotta laughed in her pillow, and slipped on the split ring tenderly just as her lover darted into the shadow to await the approaching steps.

Suddenly her ears became attentive. She made out the sound of a scuffle in the hall. Her eyes flashing, her lips pressed in a firm line, she sprang to the door, threw it open, and stood for a moment in the doorway. Her form swayed, and suddenly she grasped the door for support as the sound of a falling body reached her terrified ears.

Recovering herself slowly, she was about to dart toward the noise when Guido slipped through the doorway and dropped at her knees.

"You keel! You keel heem! Ah, Guido, why you not tell me eet hurt so bad?"

"You love me, den?" cried the man. "Ah, Guido!" She pressed her shamed face against his.

"Den why you not tell me before eet ees too late?"

"Eet was wrong. I not 'Merican; I Eetaly girl. I love—like dees," and she drew the man to her madly, sobbing hysterically.

"But—but, Carliotta, eet ees too late. I keel myself, too," cried Guido, making ready to strike with the bare knife in his trembling hand.

There was a piercing scream, and she wrestled with him for possession of the knife. Securing it by a sudden twist, she threw it through the window and fainted in his arms.

Guido dashed water on her face,

and soon she came back to consciousness.

"I go to prison wid you," she gasped, remembering it all.

"Nah; you go to Eetaly wid me," answered the man, drawing her closer and covering her with kisses.

"But you keel heem; dey keel you. Eet ees—"

A beatific smile lighted up the little Italian's face. He stepped his caresses just long enough to cry:

"I no keel him. I tak Pietro's advice. I pouncha da head."

"Guido! Guido! Ees eet so?" screamed the girl, pressing his head face passionately between her hands.

"I pouncha da head; he fall down—stairs an' run. I tak you to show—"

"Yes," she repeated vaguely, clinging to him and pressing her betrothal ring to his lips. Then she added:

"An' to Eetaly, too. I notta la 'Merica—too cool. Eet ees not love Guido."



Japan's Foreign Trade Gains with Every Country

By Ralph H. Turner.

(United Press staff correspondent.)
Tokio, Nov. 11.—Some idea of the wonderful progress Japan has made in her foreign trade since the war is gained from figures just announced here. In every part of the world this nation has been establishing her products, new markets have been opened and steamship lines, subsidized by the government, extended to every big port of call on the face of the globe.

Greatest prosperity is being enjoyed perhaps, in the trade with Russia, Japan's ally, who is buying everything from munitions to boots and shoes. In one month, last August, Japan exported goods to Russia valued at \$3,432,000. This figure becomes all the more significant when it is stated that the imports this country received from Russia reached only \$32,125, leaving a balance of \$3,400,875 in favor of the exports.

South America is another part of the world where Japan has found markets which she hardly knew existed before. Exports to the South American countries for the first eight months of this year amounted to \$1,036,460, not a large figure when put alongside records in American trade, but worth considerable attention when it is recalled that during the same period last year Japan's exports to South America were valued at only \$663,574. This her trade in that direction has been nearly doubled in a year.

The South American republics to which the principal amounts were exported are: Argentina, \$444,275; Chile, \$352,235; Peru, \$157,917. Japan has found a new and very profitable market in South America—and she intends to hold it.

Then comes China, a market which

Japan declares really belongs to her, a market in which she promises to out-rival all other foreign powers. During the last 10 days of September just one-third of a month—Japan's exports to her neighbors amounted to \$2,446,309. For the first nine months of the year the total amount of exports to China was \$60,731,721, an increase of \$16,156,448 over the corresponding period a year ago.

As an illustration of the way trade with Australia has been growing in the proverbial "leaps and bounds," Japan's largest steamship company, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, a firm in which the Imperial family owns a great part of the stock, has just added two more vessels to its line to the Antipodes, making a total of 10 Japanese vessels which are now plying between this nation and Australian ports.

La Grande Man Ends It with Razor

Overcome, probably, from melancholia Joe Mitchell, aged 50, who has made his home about La Grande for some time but more recently was employed on the old Tom Loftis place located a considerable distance from Starkey, yesterday went to his room complaining of illness and with a razor slashed his throat. He lived about two hours.

When Mitchell commenced to slash himself he was standing before a mirror. He gashed his throat on the right, then on the left side, and as a make-sure move, slashed both wrists. He tumbled over on some mattresses, but after soaking them with blood concluded that he would rather die on a bed and crawled to it. He was conscious when first found and wanted a doctor to come and finish the job for him.

Mitchell's real name was Michael. It is believed. He had no relatives in this vicinity.—La Grande Observer.

Coal High, Prosperity Did It, Say Dealers

New York, Nov. 11.—Prosperity may yet freeze New York's population to death.

Such at least, was today the explanation the coal men, laded out with each order coal—\$10 to \$12 a ton and still going up.

The mills and factories are so busy that their demands for coal is stupendous, is the unanimous opinion. They have simply grabbed everything in sight and are asking to get their hands on more. Of course a demand like that pushes prices up and the prices for domestic follow. Then, too, cars are scarce, storage is at an almost prohibitive figure and wages for all workers in the coal mining and handling activities are high. That's all.

"We, the mahogany center table goes into the fire next. We can put a piece of coal in the drawing room in its place and folks will believe we are tremendously wealthy." Such may be the solution.

Try the Journal classified ads.

One of Crew Tells What the Fighting From Tank Is Like

London, Oct. 26.—(By Mail)—A young Australian soldier, wounded while serving as one of the crew in a "tank" has given the world the first real story of what happens when this newest engine of war goes into action. His diary of a week's work in an armored juggernaut follows:

Monday—Out for the first time. Strange sensation. Bullets rained like hail on a galvanized roof. Suddenly gave a terrible lurch. Lookout said we were astride an enemy trench. "Give 'em hell" was the order. We did. The frightened Germans ran like rabbits but were shot down in bunches. Machine guns started vicious rattle on our "hide." Not the least impression. Moved on and caught another German detachment. Cut their ranks to ribbons. Prisoners very curious stared at us wide eyed. First day's experience not pleasant. "Tank" sickness is as bad as sea sickness.

Tuesday—Off for another cruise. Peppering began at once. Though the tank was going to down in the shower of bullets. Silly blighters though they could rush the tank like a fort. We fired at them point blank. We spat at them venomously. The blessed old tub gave a lurch. It was goodbye to earth. I thought only some German dead and we had skidded into a rain of bullets sounded like hundreds of rivets being driven into the tank's hide. We got to like the regular rhythm of it. Heavier strumming on our keyboard. Machine gun at it. There was a tremendous thud as though we were done for. Only some unwanted obstacles along an enemy parapet. Some Huns tried the rushing dodge. Their rushing days are over.

Wednesday—Early start. Roughest voyage yet. Waves of fire seemed to break over us. Party of Germans came to meet us outside the trenches. Though it was the maver and village notables coming to give us a warm welcome. Mistaken. They let fly with machine guns. Then they tried boarding tactics. We laughed. Tank reception party dispersed in cloud of smoke. Only remaining member fat old gentleman threw himself down before us with many signs of submission.

Thursday—Passed down village street of wrecked houses. Huns rushed out of cellars and dug outs. One blighter rushed at us with clubbed rifle. Made terrible swipe at tank. Hurt himself more than us. Had nice joy ride after a bevy of fleeing Germans. All fat men.

Friday—Early afloat. Usual shower of bullets. Got right across a trench. Enemy tried to run but couldn't. Threw up sponge. One cheeky chapp said he didn't think it was fair to use such fighting machines. We asked him if he thought we ought to get the Kaiser's permission to use the tanks. Didn't see the joke. Took about 200 prisoners. Killed and wounded as many more. Tired out.

Saturday—Out before breakfast. Terrible crash first thing. Thought we had been interred wandering world. Weather

ered storm. Rare sport. Enemy preparing for surprise attack. Our surprise came first. We waddled into their ambush. Never saw men so frightened. Only few chains stayed behind. Went snorting after them wherever we could find them. Later strong detachments tried to make their way back. We lined up across road gave them hot time. Every time they tried to rush we ripped their ranks to bits. They finally gave up.

Sunday—Fighting Germans continued. Landed out death as you might vamp out music from a hurdygurdy. Fritz got fits. No fight left in him. Prisoners seized to death. Some of them acted as though they believed we used our tanks for making sausages out of prisoners.

Death, Constantly Near, Becomes Joke

London, Oct. 28.—(By Mail)—In the fighting on the Somme where legions of men face death daily, narrow escapes from sudden extermination become trifling incidents to be joked at. The bout at the end of the day. A sergeant in a Yorkshire regiment declares nothing a man may do seems to affect his chances of becoming a "casualty."

"I've seen careful men get winged before the daredevils," said the sergeant, "and I've seen the careless men get hit when the cautious ones escape. Recently, one of the men in my platoon was hit in the mouth. The bullet came from an angle, broke one of his teeth and glanced off, just grazing his lip. Ten minutes later, a bullet dashed his identity disc and later still a bomb exploded in his pocket, bursting outwards and hardly urising his side."

Others tell of one man in the fighting near Le Sars who went through the experience of having three bombs explode in his pocket with out hurting him. A corporal, wearing a steel helmet, was hit by a bullet which went in at the front of the headgear, passed round his head, and went out the back smashing the steel of the helmet. His head showed no marks.

Three soldiers were standing together when a bomb burst at their feet. A sergeant was blown into the air and badly wounded while the others were unscratched.

Oldest Odd Fellow in State Is Dead

William Worley, the oldest Odd Fellow in point of membership in the state of Oregon, died at 3:00 o'clock Monday morning at the hospital following an extended illness from Bright's disease.

He was 67 years of age and was a native of Pennsylvania. Mr. Worley was a marine engineer and had been prominently identified with shipping on the Columbia river for many years. He was a member of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial association of this city and of the Odd Fellows. Among his surviving relatives are B. S. Worley of this city and other brothers and sisters. The body will be shipped to The Dalles on Wednesday morning for interment. Deceased was unmarried.—Astorian.

Suffragists to Open National School

(By United Press.)

New York, Nov. 9.—A national school for suffragists will be opened in Baltimore November 13 under the direction of the National American Woman Suffrage association for one week's intensive training. During that week, suffragists from far and near will come together for training in suffrage history, argument, parliamentary law, public speaking, organization and publicity under such expert tutorage Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National association, Mrs. Arthur Livermore and Mrs. H. W. Wilson, of the New York State Woman Suffrage party, and Mrs. Rose Geyer, of Iowa.

These experienced suffrage workers will put the pupils through their paces according to the most successful campaign methods, and will not only teach lessons and give rules, but will also demonstrate their tactics with model debates, street meetings and other concrete forms of suffrage activity. The street meeting will be conducted from a decorated automobile and with its surrounding crowd and hecklers will run true to the form of the average suffrage meeting in the street.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who is considered to be the most experienced suffrage campaigner in the United States, will show the suffragists how to organize and conduct a local political campaign. Mrs. Arthur Livermore will give the instruction in public speaking, taking up voice, enunciation, practical speaking points and speech material, and the psychology of various kinds of crowds. Mrs. Wilson will conduct the classes in suffrage history and argument, and Mrs. Geyer will have the classes in press work and publicity.

Similar suffrage schools will be opened by the National American Woman Suffrage association early next January in all of the 36 states where women have not yet secured the ballot.

BELL GIRLS SUPERSEDE BELL BOYS, NONE OF DRUMMERS COMPLAIN

Cleveland, Nov. 11.—"Front," says the clerk at the hotel desk and instead of the customary "be-buttonee" there comes a "knock-knock-knock" blonde or a dashing brunette to take your luggage and pilot you to your room.

"Bell girls" are more attentive than bellboys says the originator of the idea. That is the reason they have been installed in the Hotel Statler here.

Women guests find the "bell girls" almost as useful as a maid, the management states. The "hook-me-up" problem is now easily solved. None of the drummers has complained.

Dallas Loses to Silverton.

In a football game between the Dallas high school team and the Silverton high team, played at Silverton last Saturday, the local team took the small end of a 19-0 score. Silverton's line outweighed the Dallas team 20 pounds to the man. Smith of Dallas made a touchdown.

Dwells on Dangers of Overeating

By Samuel G. Dixon.

Pennsylvania Commissioner of Health. The children of the Iroquois Indians it is said, were trained to eat frugally and taught that overeating was far worse than under-eating. They were warned that gluttons would be caught by a monster known as Sagodakus, who would humiliate them in a most terrible manner if he found that they were gourmands.

Most people eat more than they need. This is particularly true of that class of individuals engaged in sedentary occupations.

Perhaps you do not feel that you come under this head, but suppose you try a few experiments. Make some slight investigation of the nutritive values of the different foods, cut your excessive allowances, eat slowly, and drink plenty of water but not at meal time.

Certain it is that an increasing percentage of our population succumb to degenerative diseases and the consensus of medical opinion is that over-eating is an important causative factor.

Racing Meet Opens at Tia Juana Today

San Diego, Cal., Nov. 11.—What promises to be the most successful racing meeting ever held in this section opened this afternoon at the Tia Juana race track, just across the Mexican border in lower California. Virtually all the horses which were used in the recent meeting at Reno have been shipped here.

Rainfall One and a Half Inches. The rainfall for the month of October was 1.43 inches according to official government records made at Salem for this part of the Willamette valley. During the month the average maximum temperature was 66.5—84 the average minimum was 38.8 degrees above zero. For the first time since September 12th the river rose above the zero mark last Friday.—Polk County Observer.

Raspberries in November.

A twig from a raspberry bush growing in the yard of Mrs. J. L. Collins on Court street, was brought into the Observer office Saturday, containing a dozen ripe berries of the Yellow Queen variety. This variety produces abundantly during the summer, but the vines have never before yielded ripe fruit at this time of the year. The fruit is ordinarily of yellow color, but the ripe berries on this branch have a deep pink color.—Polk County Observer.

which was disallowed. One of the officials, however, at the end of the game said that the touchdown was good but that he could not talk about it then. The game scheduled with Independence for today on the local college campus has been called off and an alumni team may play the regular high school team.—Polk County Observer.

California May Have Gone Partially Dry

San Francisco, Nov. 10.—That California has gone "partially dry" was the claim voiced this afternoon by Franklin Hichborn, campaign manager of the dries, when he declared that private returns from most of the committees in the state indicated the adoption of amendment No. 2 by 8,000 plurality.

Simultaneously the wets issued statements reiterating their claims that both prohibition amendments had been defeated. No. 1 by 100,000 and No. 2 by 40,000. No. 2 is a partial prohibition amendment.

"We estimated that we needed only 500,000 votes to win," said Hichborn, "and reports from all sections indicate we have exceeded that figure."

Begins Inquiry on Alaskan Rates

Cordova, Alaska, Nov. 11.—The first of three hearings the United States Interstate Commerce Commission will hold in its investigation into infra and inter-Alaskan rail and rail-and-water freight and passenger rates, was opened here today. A second will be held at Juneau, November 23 and the third at Seattle, December 4.

Keep out of saloons and court houses as much as possible.

The reliable men of a community are as well known as the unreliable ones.

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